



It Had Been Opened by Some One Who Knew the Combination.



SYNOPSIS.

Carrington loved Kate Cavanaugh, daughter of Multi-Millionaire Henry Cavanaugh. The latter liked Carrington, but refused him as a son-in-law. Young Carrington, a lawyer, held evidence of criminal financial operations, of which Cavanaugh was guilty. It was Carrington's duty to prosecute the rich man, but he decided to lay the whole matter before Kate. He did so the next day. The young woman decided that to drop the case would be cowardly even though the accused was her father. Carrington offered Carrington a position at \$10,000 a year. He refused it. He hid his evidence in the Cavanaugh safe, after being introduced to the millionaire's father.

#### CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"We seldom use this," said the girl, reading the vague unspoken question in his eyes. "The jewel safe is upstairs in my room."

"It doesn't matter in the least," he replied, smiling, "so long as I may safely rid myself of these obnoxious papers. And if you do not mind, I'll leave them there till Monday morning. I've thought it all out, Kate. A man's only human, after all. I could never prosecute the case myself; I'd be thinking of you and the bread I have eaten. I'll turn the matter over to Challoner, and let him do as he thinks best. Of course, I shall be called as a witness when the case comes up in court, if it ever does."

She did not reply, but shut the door of the safe and rose from her knees.

The south side of the dining room was made up of long colonial windows that opened directly upon the lawn. They were more like doors than windows. She looked each one carefully and drew the curtain.

"Norah is probably growing impatient for us," she said.

With an indescribable impulse he suddenly drew her into his arms and kissed her. It might be the last he could ever claim.

"John!" she murmured, gently disengaging herself.

"I love you," he said, "and I could not let you. Everything looks so dark."

The clock in the hall chimed the quarter hour after 11. Cavanaugh was in his den. His desk was littered with sheets of paper, upon which were formidable columns of figures and dollar signs. He sat back in his chair and listened. He thought he heard a door or window close; he wasn't certain. It was probably one of the servants. He bit off the end of a fresh cigar and resumed his work. Let the young people play golf, if they wanted to, and dance and frolic away the precious hours; they would never know the joy of seeing one become two, two become four, and so on, till the adding grew into the ransoms of many kings. Ay, this was to live. Oh, the beautiful numerals! Brigade after brigade, corps after corps, they marched at a sign from him; an army greater than that of kings. To sit in a little room, as in a puppet booth, and juggle the policies of the nations! Yes, Kate should have a duke and Norah a prince; he would show them all some day. Recollecting Carrington, he frowned. Did the fellow know anything, that he felt the power to refuse an offer such as he had made at the dinner table? Bah! It would be like crushing some insect. He determined that this should be Carrington's last visit. His pen moved once more, and presently he became lost in his dreams of calculation.

But Cavanaugh's ears had not deserted him, however for he had heard the sound of a closing window. A window had been closed, but none of the servants had been at hand.

At precisely 11 a man came swiftly but cautiously across the lawn. When he reached the long windows of the dining room he paused, but not irresolutely. There was a sharp rasping sound, followed by the uncertain glare that makes the light of a dark-lantern separate and individual, and a window swung noiselessly inward. The room was in total darkness. The man wore a short mask, a soft felt hat well down over his eyes. He cupped his hand to his ear and strained to catch any sound. Silence. Then he dropped behind the screen, consulted a slip of paper by the light of his lantern, and with a few quick turns of the combination knob opened the door of the safe. He extracted the envelope and thrust it into his pocket, without so much as a glance at its contents. In making his exit, the window struck the sound loudly. This was the sound Cavanaugh heard. The burglar ran lightly across the lawn and disappeared beyond the hedges. And none too soon.

The Cavanaugh drag rolled over the hill and went clattering up to the porte-cochere.

On the way home Carrington, his mind still wavering between this expedient and that, decided that, after all, he would take charge of the papers himself. It didn't seem quite fair that Cavanaugh's safe should protect his ultimate disgrace. So, upon entering the house, he confided his desire to Kate, who threw aside her papers and led him into the dining room. She had her own reasons for wishing the papers out of the safe. She turned on the lights and swirled the combination knob. At this moment Norah came in.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"Mr. Carrington left some valuable papers in the safe, and he wants them."

Carrington wondered why Norah gazed from him to her sister with so wild an expression.

"Papers?" she murmured.

Kate opened the door. She sprang to her feet in terror and dismay.

"What is it?" cried Carrington, who saw by her expression that something extraordinary had happened.

"They—it is not there!"

Norah sat down and hid her face on her arms.

Carrington rushed over to the safe, stooped and made a hasty examination. It had been opened by some one who knew the combination! He stood up, a cold chill wringing his spine. He saw it all distinctly. Cavanaugh knew. He had known all along. Cavanaugh had overheard him speak to Kate and had opened the safe after their departure for the club. It was all very cleverly done. He knew that Kate was utterly blameless. Then it dawned upon him that they appeared as though they accepted the catastrophe as not wholly unexpected! To what did this labyrinth lead?

A rattle of the curtain rings wheeled them about. They beheld Cavanaugh himself standing in the doorway.

"What's the trouble?" he asked, eyeing Carrington suspiciously.

Carrington answered him icily. "I left some legal documents of great value in this safe; they are no longer there."

Cavanaugh's jaw dropped. He stared at Kate, then at Norah. If ever there was written on a face unfeigned dismay and astonishment, it was on the millionaire's. A moment before Carrington would have sworn

that he was guilty; now he knew not what to believe. He grew bewildered. There had certainly been a burglar, but who was he?

"Mr. Carrington," said Cavanaugh, pulling himself together with an effort, "you need have no worry whatever. I will undertake to restore your documents. I offer you no explanations." He left them abruptly.

The young lawyer concluded to grope no longer. Somebody else would have to lead him out of this labyrinthine maze. All at once there came to him a sense of infinite relief. Providence had kindly taken the matter out of his hands.

"Never mind, Kate," he said. "For my part, I should be entirely satisfied if I never saw the miserable thing again."

"Father will find it for you." Her eyes were dim with tears of shame.

"What is it, girl?"

"Nothing that I can explain to you, John. Good night."

When he had gone to his room, Norah turned to her sister and sobbed on her breast.

"Oh, Kate!"

"What is the matter, child?"

"I told grandpa the combination!"

#### CHAPTER III.

Carrington tumbled out of bed at six and threw out the old-fashioned green blinds. A warm, golden summer morning greeted his eyes, and the peaceful calm of Sunday lay upon the land. A robin piped in an apple tree, an oriole flashed across the flower beds, and a bee buzzed just outside the sill. A brave day! He stepped into his tub, bathed, and dressed in his riding clothes, for there was to be a canter down to the sea and return before breakfast. From the window he could see the groom walking the beautiful thoroughbreds up and down the driveway. There were only two this morning; evidently Norah was not going.

The Cavanaugh girls had created almost a scandal and a revolution when they first appeared at Glenwood. People had read and talked about women riding like men, they had even seen pictures of them, but to find them close at hand was something of a shock. Yet, when they saw what the Cavanaugh girls took the hedges, ditches and fences, how their mounts never suffered from saddle-galls, and, above all, how the two always kept even pace with the best men riders, opinion veered; and several ladies changed their habits.

Norah, who saw the droll side of things, once said that the accepted riding habit for women reminded her of a kimono for a harp.

Carrington stole gently down to the horses. He had great affection for the sleek thoroughbreds. Their care went forward when they saw him, and they whinnied softly. He rubbed their velvet noses and in turn they nuzzled him for sugar leaves. Had it not been for the night and the attendant mysteries, his happiness would have been complete. People waste many precious moments in useless retrospection; so Carrington resolutely forced the subject from his mind. One thing was certain, the Cavanaugh knew who the burglar was; and there was some strange in the idea of an empty safe in a millionaire's home. Pah! He took out the expected sugar leaves and extended them on both palms. The pair licked his hand and crunched the sweets with evident relish.

"How are they to-day, James?"

"Fit for 20 miles, straight away or cross rails, sir. Your mount is feeling his oats this morning; he hasn't been out for a run since Thursday, sir. I've put the curb on him in case he takes it into his head to cut up shins. Here comes Miss Kate, sir."

Carrington's pulse rose. Kate was approaching them. She was pale but serene. She smiled a good morning, which took in the gentleman and the groom.

"I hope I haven't kept you waiting."

"Not a moment. I only just got down myself," said Carrington.

She mounted without assistance and adjusted her skirts. The filly began to wait, impatient to be off.

"To the beach?" Carrington asked, swinging into his saddle.

She nodded and they started off toward the highway at a smart trot. Once there, the animals broke into an easy canter, which they maintained for a mile or more. Then Kate drew down to a walk.

"What a day!" said he, waving his hand toward the sea line.

There was color aplenty on her cheeks now, and her eyes shone like precious stones. There is no exhilaration quite like it. She flicked the elders with her crop, and once or twice reached up for a ripening apple. In the air there was the strange sea smell, mingled with the warm scent of clover.

"I'll race you to the beach!" she cried, suddenly.

"Done!" I'll give you to the sixth tree." He laughed. There was really nothing at all in the world but this beautiful girl, the horses, and the white road that wound in and out to the sea.

She trotted her mount to the sixth tree, turned, and then gave the signal. Away they went, the horses every bit as eager as their riders. With their ears laid back, their nostrils wide, their feet drumming, they thundered down the road. Carrington gained, but slowly, and he had to hold his right arm as a shield for his eyes, as the filly's heels threw back a steady rain of sand and gravel. Faster and faster; a milk wagon veered out just in time; foolish chickens scampered to the wrong side of the road, and the stray pigs in the orchards squealed and bolted inland. It was all very fine. And when they struck deep tawny sand the animals were neck and neck. It was now no easy task to bring them to a stop. Carrington's hunter had made up his mind to win, and the little filly was equally determined. As an expedient, they finally guided the animals toward the hull of an ancient wreck; nothing else would have stopped them.

"How I love it!" said Kate, breathlessly, as she slid from the saddle. "Beauty, you beat him, didn't you?" patting the dripping neck of her favorite.

They tethered the horses presently and sat down in the shade of the hull.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## MISSOURI NEWS

### Anderson Defense Hit.

Mexico.—The defense in the trial of Luther Anderson, charged with the killing of August Wagner, near this city last December, got three great surprises when the state introduced two convicts, former jailmates of Anderson here, and W. H. Griffith of Louisiana, an insurance agent. The two convicts said Anderson confessed the killing of Wagner to them while in jail, at a time when he was soliciting their assistance to effect an escape. Griffith told of a conversation he had with Anderson and Wagner in Farber, Mo., two days before the killing, when there was a misunderstanding between the men. From the manner in which Anderson talked, he said, he feared a serious outcome to the matter.

### Archie Fagan Is Arrested.

St. Joseph.—As a sequel to the suicide of Marvel Chenoweth, 14 years old, at Gower, Mo., several months ago, Archie Fagan, 30 years old, of Gower, who has evaded the officers for some time, is in jail here.

Fagan was arrested for shooting at a policeman at the union passenger station. His identity then was discovered and the federal warrant served, charging him with sending two improper letters to the girl.

The letters were found under the girl's pillow by her mother, and after the girl had confessed to receiving them she killed herself for shame.

### Mother's Plea Stops License.

St. Joseph.—The tearful plea of Mrs. Nannie Gillis that her son Carroll, just barely of age, be denied a license to conduct a saloon at Winthrop, this county, resulted in the petition being unanimously denied by the county court. The court has turned down half a dozen petitions for Winthrop and the saloon men hit on the plan of having the petition drawn up in the name of young Gillis, a farmer youth with an excellent reputation. The court was on the point of granting the petition when Mrs. Gillis took a hand.

### 1,000 Cars of Apples Expected.

Springfield.—According to crop reports from southeastern Missouri received by the general offices of the Frisco, the apple crop in that section is expected to yield nearly 1,000 cars. This is much better than was anticipated some weeks ago. General crop reports over the entire Frisco system in Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma and Arkansas are regarded as very favorable.

### Picnickers See Boy Drown.

Sullivan.—While Mrs. W. N. Crow of this place, with two women and her adopted son, Boone, 10 years old, were picnicking on the banks of the Meramec river, the boy was drowned. He was wading in the shallow water, but ventured out into the current, when he was swept off his feet and carried out into deep water.

### Bootleggers Indicted in Springfield.

Springfield.—Ten indictments have been returned by the grand jury, which has been in session two weeks and which will probably continue in session nearly a month. No arrests have been made. The bills are said to be for the illegal sale of liquor in Greene county towns outside of Springfield.

### Tolerton Names Deputy.

Springfield.—While in Springfield, Jesse Tolerton, state game and fish warden, announced the appointment of Capt. Zach A. Johnson of Ozark, Christian county, as his chief deputy. Capt. Johnson was sheriff of Christian county at the time the "Bald Knobbers" were executed.

### Hemorrhage, Not Murder.

Sedalia.—Emma Hess, who lived alone at Third and Harrison avenue, died of hemorrhages. She was found covered with blood. Reports were that she had been murdered, but an investigation proved death was from natural causes. She was the widow of Adam Hess and was about 70 years old.

### Summer Normal Term Ends.

Kirksville.—The summer term of the state normal school has closed. Thirty-three members of the senior class received life state certificates and diplomas and 85 members of the sophomore class received state certificates. President Kirk said this had been one of the best sessions in the history of the school.

### Girl Killed at Grade Crossing.

Mexico.—Belle Dudley, 14 years old, daughter of William R. Dudley, was killed and her father and sister, Ella, 16 years old, seriously injured when the wagon in which they were driving was struck by a freight train near Martinsburg. Both the father and the elder daughter were carried 300 yards on the engine pilot.

### Boy Drowns in Rain Barrel.

Nevada.—A young son of John Baker, a farmer living ten miles north-west of this city, was drowned in a rain barrel. He was playing by himself, and in some manner fell head foremost into the barrel and was unable to extricate himself.

### Cape's Mayor's Son Drowns.

Cape Girardeau.—Warren, 20-year-old son of Dr. W. C. Patton, former mayor of the Cape, was drowned in the Mississippi river.

### Youth Saves Four Lives.

Kirksville.—Miss Gladys Wellman, daughter of a furniture dealer of Connellsville, a small town of this county, was drowned while bathing in the Chariton river. She was bathing with four other young ladies and one young man when they stepped into water 15 feet deep. The young man got out four of the girls, but nearly lost his own life. The body of Miss Wellman was not found for several hours. She was about 18 years old.

# \$100.00

## SOLID GOLD & SILVER AWARD

### For the Best Ear of Corn

To be Known as the *N. K. Kellogg* National Corn Trophy

To be Awarded at the  
**National Corn Exposition, Omaha, December 6 to 18, 1909.**

Over one hundred thousand million (100,000,000,000) ears of corn were grown in the United States last year. Over a billion dollars were paid for them. More than a million and a quarter extra dollars went into the pockets of the farmers for corn this year than they received for the previous year's crop.

The reason for this may be found in the fact that the people of the United States are beginning to learn how delicious corn is and to realize its full food value.

Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes has placed corn among the indispensable items of daily fare.

The makers, therefore, are interested in the development of the King of Cereals, and have decided to award a beautiful trophy for the man, woman or child who can produce the best ear of corn in two different seasons.

Professor Holden, of the Iowa State College, the greatest authority on corn in the world, will award the prize at the National Corn Exposition, to be held at Omaha, Neb., December 6th to 18th, 1909. Two single rules will govern the plan, and they are—that you send your best ear of corn to the National Corn Exposition, Omaha, Neb., before November 27, 1909, and that you are a member of the National Corn Association. Full particulars regarding which can be had by writing to National Corn Exposition, Omaha, Neb. Tie a tag securely to your specimen and word it. For the trophy for 1910. If you succeed again next year or the year following, the trophy will become your property for all time. In other words, you must produce the best ear of corn two different years.

There will be no restrictions. Any man, woman or child belonging to the Association can enter. It will be open to every state in the Union. Professor Holden will judge the corn particularly on the basis of quality. The growing of more corn per acre is one object of the award, but the main purpose of the founder of the trophy is for

**Increasing the Quality of Corn Used in Making Kellogg's TOASTED CORN FLAKES**

Many people think we have reached the point of perfection in Toasted Corn Flakes as it is now. Perhaps we have. If you haven't tried it, begin your education in "good things to eat" today. All grocers have it.

**KELLOGG TOASTED CORN FLAKE CO., Battle Creek, Mich.**

*The Genuine Corn Flakes has this Signature.*

# N. K. Kellogg

### CRYING NEED, AS HE SEES IT.

Companion of Irrigated Divines Came to the Front with Order to the Waiter.

Joaquin Miller is to establish a colony of poets in Fruitvale, Cal. Mr. Miller, discussing this colony recently, said:

"We poets will, of course, argue and squabble. That will be delightful. Arguments and squabbles over Matthew Arnold, Swinburne, Tennyson and Keats are pleasant and sensible things, you know. They are not like political or religious arguments, which in their bitter rancor always make me think of three Maine divines.

"While three Maine divines were supping together, two of them began to argue about the comparative religious merit of the royal houses of Stuart and Orange. The argument became heated. The divines grew excited and angry.

"William III. was a great rascal," roared the first, as he struck the table with his fist. "A great rascal, and I spit upon his memory!"

"The second divine, turning very red, shouted:

"No, it's James II. that was the rascal. I spit upon his memory!"

"At this point the third divine rang the bell, and said gently to the waiter: "Spitpoons for two, please."

### DISCOURAGED WOMEN.

A Word of Hope for Despairing Ones.

Kidney trouble makes weak, weary, worn women. Backache, hip pains, dizziness, headaches, nervousness, languor, urinary troubles make women suffer untold misery. Ailing kidneys are the cause. Cure them. Mrs. S. D. Ellison, N. Broadway, Lamar, Mo., says: "Kidney trouble wore me down till I had to take to bed. I had terrible pains in my body and limbs and the urine was annoying and full of sediment. I got worse and doctors failed to help. I was discouraged. Doan's Kidney Pills brought quick relief and a final cure and now I am in the best of health."

Remember the name—Doan's. Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

**TROUBLE IN ROYAL PALACE.**

Tidings Borne by Amateur Actor Sufficient to Lead Hearers to Expect the Worst.

The Shakespeare club of New Orleans used to give amateur theatrical performances that were distinguished for the local prominence of the actors. Once a social celebrity, with a gorgeous costume, as one of the lords in waiting had only four words to say: "The queen has swooned." As he stepped forward his friends applauded vociferously. Bowing his thanks, he faced the king and said, in a high-pitched voice: "The swoon has quenched."

There was a roar of laughter; but he waited patiently, and made another attempt:

"The swoon has cooned."

Again the walls trembled and the stage manager said in a voice which could be heard all over the house: "Come off, you doggoned fool!"

But the ambitious amateur refused to surrender, and in a rasping falsetto, as he was assisted off the stage, he screamed: "The coon has swooned."—Success Magazine.

**Severe.**

Samuel Gompers was talking in the smokeroom of the Baltic about a recent newspaper attack on a rich corporation.

"It was a cruel attack," Mr. Gompers chuckled. "It was as cruel as the Jonesville Clarion's paragraph about old Descon Hiram Ludlow."

"This paragraph headed the Clarion's obituary column. It said: 'Deacon Hiram Ludlow of Frisbie township, aged 82, passed peacefully away on Thursday last from single blessedness to matrimonial bliss after a short but severe attack by Maria Higgins, a blooming widow of 37 summers.'"

—Detroit Journal.

### SICK HEADACHE

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER.

They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

**SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.**

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

*Refuse Substitutes.*

**THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.**

Unselfishness in Life is the One Thing That Will Transform All Things to Gold.

The moment we set about the task of making every human being we come in contact with better for knowing us—more cheerful, more courageous and with greater faith in the kindness of God and man—that moment we begin to attain the third purpose of life—personal happiness.

Would you possess the magic secret of the alchemist which transforms all things to gold?

It is unselfishness—or, to use a better word, goodness.

He who goes forth bent upon being always kind, always helpful, in the little daily events of life, will find all skies tinted with gold, all his nights set with stars and unexpected flowers of pleasure springing up in his pathway.

And all his tears shall turn into smiles.—Brooklyn Eagle.

**Fitted for the Job.**

The general consulted the topographical chart. "You understand, colonel," he said, "that this charge on the enemy's fortification necessitates the most reckless disregard for human life?" "I understand, general," the colonel replied. "The forlorn hope that leads the movement will be composed exclusively of amateur chauffeurs."

**Delightfully So.**

"I never liked Shakespeare until I saw you play 'Hamlet.'"

"And you like it now?"

"You bet I do."

"And why do you like Shakespeare after seeing me in 'Hamlet?'"

"Shakespeare is so different!"

**Ready Cooked.**

The crisp, brown flakes of

**Post Toasties**

Come to the breakfast table right, and exactly right from the package—no bother; no delay.

They have body too; these Post Toasties are firm enough to give you a delicious substantial mouthful before they melt away. "The Taste Lingers."

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